

**HIS PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.**  
Hon. James W. Husted, while serving his sixth term as speaker of the assembly of the state of New York, writes:  
"STATE OF NEW YORK,  
ASSAMBLEY CHAMBER,  
ALBANY, Jan. 10, 1890.  
I desire once more to bear my testimony to the value of ALCOCK'S PLEURALGIC PLASTER. I have used them for twenty-five years past, and have consistently commended them as the best external remedy that I have known. Years ago, when thrown from a carriage and seriously injured, I gave them a thorough trial. In a very short time the pain that I was suffering disappeared, and within a week I was entirely relieved. On another occasion when suffering from a severe cough which threatened pulmonary difficulties, which I was recommended to go to Florida to relieve, I determined to test the plaster again. I applied them to my chest and between the shoulder blades, and in less than a fortnight was entirely cured. On still another occasion when suffering from an attack of rheumatism I could scarcely use my arm. I again resorted to the plaster, and within a few days the rheumatism entirely disappeared. I have them constantly by me, whether at home or abroad. My family as well as myself have found them to be a sovereign remedy for colds, coughs, and internal troubles. I never had but one kidney trouble in my life, and the application of the plaster, cured me in a week. I desire, as I said before, to bear my testimony in a public way to their efficacy, and I know of no better way of doing it than by giving you my personal experience."

**FLIGHTY JAMES.**  
Modest opinion of Dr. Lowell in regard to his Afterward Distinguished Son.  
There is something peculiarly funny in the estimate of young poets by their personal friends. Some affectionate partisans, to be sure, find a nightingale in every bush, and applaud genius in any versified production, but the majority of sensible fathers and mothers wait for larger and maturer results before expressing their delight. A brilliant young essayist furnishes a case in point, relates the Youth's Companion, from his own experience. He was apparently becoming famous at a rapid rate, and some one congratulated him on the fact.  
"I wish Tom would stick to his law study," said the old gentleman, testily. "Sometimes I think he's a born fool!"  
A writer in the Critic says of the father of James Russell Lowell:  
"I was in Rome and Florence at one time with Dr. and Mrs. Lowell. He was under deep depression, and sensitive to small remarks. I received one day quite a number of letters from Boston, and the doctor, grieving that he had none, insisted upon my reading him some of mine.  
"Among them was one from my brother, giving an account of commencement, and containing some extracts from Lowell's manuscript class poem, which he had lent to my brother. My thought naturally was as I read it:  
"This will delight the doctor."  
"Quite otherwise. The doctor said, sadly:  
"I am very sorry and disappointed. James promised me when I left home that he would give up poetry and stick to his books. I hoped he had become less flighty!"

**QUEER THINGS IN JAPAN.**  
Sentimental Views of the People Regarding Flowers and Marriage.  
"The Japanese have a plant called 'Omoto,' whose growth and condition are believed by many of their curious race to typify the marriage state. When a young couple of 'believers' marry, they carry with them to their home a specimen of the omoto, plant it and carefully tend and watch it, in the full confidence that so long as it shows healthy development the permanence and prosperity of the marriage fortunes involved are positively assured.  
The Japanese, as is well known, are full of sentiment regarding flowers, and still another instance of this trait occurs in the matter of proposals of marriage. In houses where there are marriageable daughters it is the custom to suspend from a window or veranda, by light chains, an empty vase or flowerpot. The suitor, instead of serenading his inamorata, approaches her dwelling, bearing some choice plant in his hand, and this he carefully deposits with the necessary earth in the empty vase. This is done surreptitiously, and the act is never witnessed. Its performance, however, is viewed in the light of an honorable proposal of marriage, in regard to which the young lady interested is free to decide as she pleases.  
If the donor is the right man, she takes care of his gift, tends and waters it, and thus makes it evident that he is her accepted suitor. If, however, he is not in favor of either the lady herself or her parents, the plant is remorselessly torn from the vase and thrown aside, where the waiting and anxious lover finds it, blighted like his hopes.  
Poverty Exposed.  
Little Dot—I guess Mr. Nextdoor is awful poor.  
Maumie—Why so?  
Little Dot—Mrs. Nextdoor told her little girl that candy would spoil her teeth.—Good News.  
How Was His Hair Parted?  
He—Is my hat on straight?  
She—Yes. The ideal. Why do you ask such a question?  
He—I'm going out in a canoe, and don't want to overbalance it.—Vogue.

**Your Watch Insured Free.**  
A perfect insurance against theft or accident is now famous  
**WATERBURY**  
the only bow (ring) which cannot be pulled or wrenched from the case. Can only be had on cases containing this trade mark.  
—MADE BY—  
**Keystone Watch Case Company,**  
of Philadelphia.  
the oldest, largest, and most complete Watch Case factory in the world—1500 employees—2000 Watch Cases daily.  
One of its products is the celebrated  
**Jas. Boss Filled Watch Cases**  
which are just as good as solid cases, and cost about one half less.  
Sold by all jewelers, without extra charge for Non-pull-out bow. Ask for pamphlet, or send to the manufacturers.

**IRELAND IN MINIATURE.**  
Kato Field Takes Us Through the Irish Village at the Fair.

A Half Hour in the Wishing Chair—Interview with Mrs. Hart, Who Projected the Village—The Condition of the Irish Peasantry.  
[Copyright, 1893.]  
Seated in an exact counterpart of the famous wishing chair of the Galt's causeway with my feet resting on Irish soil, in the charming village that Mrs. Ernest Hart has transplanted from County Donegal to the Midway Plaisance, I am reading about that unparalleled scene in the British house of commons when Joseph Chamberlain hurled epithets at Mr. Gladstone, sarcastically likening his voice to that of God.  
Above and around me is a beautiful replica of the ruins of Donegal castle, surrounded by fac-similes Irish cottages, in which natives of Ireland pursue industries established among them within ten years by a sympathetic Englishwoman. Mrs. Ernest Hart has brought her people and her industrial creations to the Columbian exposition that the Americans may see for themselves what enlightened assistance may do for a proud and outraged race who only ask for work.  
My fraternal grandfather was a patriot in the revolution of 1783. Ruined and driven from the land he loved, he came to this country early in the present century. A granduncle was kidnapped for singing a national song and was never heard of more. I am glad to be descended from brave men and listen with disgust to criticisms born of ignorance. To answer a fool according to his folly is to say nothing. Rising from the wishing chair I pass into the banquet hall of Donegal castle where stands a colossal statue of Gladstone from the chisel of the Irish sculptor, Bruce Joy, who has put up in Mrs. Hart's village a copy of the bronze statue erected several years ago in front of Bow church, London. Around and about this banquet hall are portraits of the myriad men who have made Ireland famous, beautiful, hospitable and other stuff, handsome Irish handkerchiefs, all made by Irish peasants. Passing into adjoining cottages, I watch carvers, carpenters, iron and silver smiths, weavers plying their trades, and, as I turn away to ponder, under the shade of a grateful tree, about the Irish question, Mrs. Ernest Hart herself comes and sits beside me.  
"Doesn't it make you furious to hear a whole nation condemned in one sentence and not allowed to have one redeeming feature?" I say.  
"Furious? I have been furious with my countrypeople ever since I began to study the Irish people," replied sturdily and true Mrs. Hart, whose name should be spelled with an e.  
"How long ago was that?"  
"If I am to tell that story it must be over the lunch table. I'm hungry. Let's have something to eat." Thereupon we adjourned to a la fresco restaurant in the garden—"What shall we order?"  
"Irish stew would be most in harmony with the situation," I respond, and a nutty maiden in a pretty Irish costume brings us bowls of good as good as stew as I've eaten for many a day. In the shadow of a round tower from which floats the flag of the Emerald Isle we eat and talk, and talk and eat, while visitors pass in and out, wearing that look of curiosity peculiar to frequenters of the fair. In their eyes everybody, as well as everything, is an exhibit.  
"I shall never be satisfied until I've investigated Ireland for myself. When did you first visit the island, Mrs. Hart?"  
"In 1873, during my honeymoon, when on seeing a naturally gay people sunk in misery, I determined to study their history. Later my husband became a member of the Irish political committee, and in 1881 we made a tour of inquiry into County Donegal and County Mayo to ascertain the actual condition of the peasantry. In the congested districts where famine occurs."  
"Where is Donegal and what do you mean by congested districts?"  
"Donegal is the northwestern corner of Ireland. The eastern part of this county is rich in fertile land occupied by descendants of the English and Scotch. Beyond mountains and bogs, and along the seacoast for four hundred miles live one hundred thousand Celts, twelve thousand of whom speak no English and all of whom are dependent for subsistence upon their miserable bits of stony land ironically called farms. Ten years ago there were few stores or cottages among the low stone houses that shelter patient man and beast."  
"That is consistent with a vengeance."  
"Every place where the annual valuation per person of population for land and house is below twenty-three shillings is scheduled a congested district. Gweedore has a valuation of eight shillings and fourpence; Gweedore six and eightpence."  
"How awful! But why are there congested districts?"  
"History answers that question. There is no doubt in my mind that Ireland was originally settled by Greeks and other eastern colonists. Their prehistoric jewelry, their beautiful myths prove it. They are much more artistic than the English."  
"That goes without saying. Look at your composites and orators. Irish for the most part."  
"There's no doubt about their having been distinguished in arts now lost."



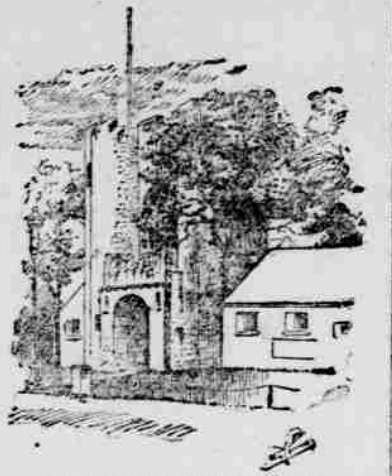
ALICE M. HART.

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the famine, they were evicted in 1850 and '51. Herded in wretched wretched "cattle boats," these unfortunate people were swept off to America with one or two pounds in their pockets or were driven to the bogs. Sheep replaced them."  
"Has Donegal harbors and rivers?"  
"Plenty, but few sea boats. One hundred thousand people have most imperfect communication with the outside world. Give them sea communication and they will show how false an estimate has been put upon their ability to care for themselves. Hear me, it's time for my lecture," and off walks Mrs. Ernest Hart to the pleasant lecture room where, surrounded by copies of rare old missals, she tells a waiting and deeply-interested audience about those isolated peasants in old Ireland who owe to this brave, untiring and generous woman the dawn of a new life.  
KATE FIELD.

**Would Make a Lamp Smoke.**  
"Do I make myself plain?" asked the angular lecturer on woman's rights, stopping in the middle of her discourse.  
"You don't have to, mum," replied a voice from the rear, "The Lord does it for you long ago."—Milwaukee Journal.  
KIDNEY'S OBJECTION.  
Gazman—Why don't you marry her, Kidney? She's dead in love with you.  
Kidney—I know that, but you see she has too much beard for beauty and not enough for dime-museum uses.—Judge.  
A Safe Rule.  
Guest—So you always want pay in advance now, baggage or no baggage?  
Hotel Clerk—Yes. You see, a great deal of money has been lost lately by hotels burning down.—N. Y. Weekly.  
After the Trial.  
"See here, doctor, your testimony wasn't at all what we wanted."  
"I know that, my dear sir. But I was retained by your opponents late."

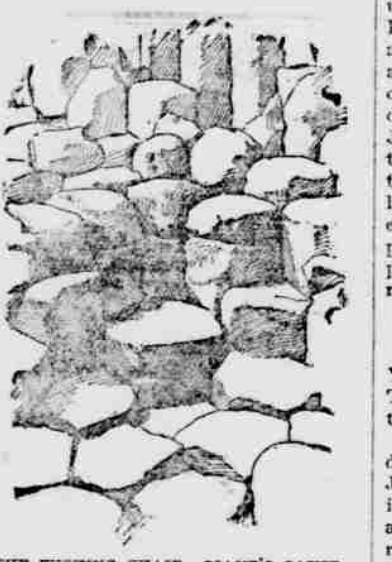
Their marvelous missals no less than their antique jewelry and their bells are their best testimony."  
"What was their golden age?"  
"From the fourth century to the seventh. During the former they were converted to Christianity by St. Patrick, and never had the discipline to which Britain was subjected."  
"What do you mean by that?"  
"They never passed under the yoke of the Romans which did us an infinite lot of good. It taught us law and order. As a matter of fact, Ireland has



ENTRANCE TO IRISH VILLAGE.

never been actually conquered by any invader, not even England. Henry II. tried to conquer her but failed. On the other hand the Irish have never had cohesion enough to fully resist the English."  
"So the friction of two races has been going on for centuries?"  
"Precisely. During her golden age Ireland was the center of Christian learning, sending out saints and missionaries to redeem the east."  
"When was the Danish invasion?"  
"From the eighth to the tenth century. Tempted by reports of gold, for that gold was found in Ireland is demonstrated by wonderful gold ornaments, Danes overrun the island and pillaged the churches; then set in a period of disruption. Internecine wars reduced the different races to such barbarism that the pope gave Ireland to Henry II. in the hope of his reconverting the island to Christianity."  
"Didn't good Queen Bess, of blessed memory, help on the work?"  
"That amiable virgin determined to stamp out the 'wild Irish,' as she would have stamped out the cattle plague. Because the hunted Celts took refuge in the dense forests, the latter were destroyed by fire. Thus the climate was changed, as undoubtedly Ireland was formerly dryer and adapted to grain growing. Where bogs now are, forests abounded."

"Do you blame any Irishman for recent hostile invasions?"  
Queen Elizabeth failed to annihilate the Celts, James I. devised the plan of planting Ulster after his own heart. He gave all the fat lands to English and Scotch colonists and consigned the 'mere Irish' to the lean lands."  
"He drove them like swine into bogs and they settled on lands sloping to the sea, where you found the poor creatures in 1845."  
"Exactly, they became squatters. This land of theirs was valued in 1830 at two pence an acre. Thanks to their reclamation, it is now worth about ten times that amount. As a member of the Irish political committee, Mr. Hart suggested a system of migration from the congested to the grass lands. There are immense tracts, occupied by the people in 1847, from which, after

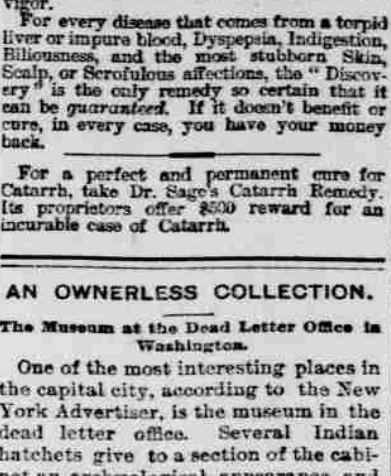


THE WISHING CHAIR—GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

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**FROM HEAD TO FOOT**  
You feel the good that's done by Dr. Fier's Golden Medical Discovery. It purifies the blood. And through the blood, it cleanses, repairs, and invigorates the whole system. In recovering from "La Grippe," or in convalescence from pneumonia, fever, or other wasting diseases, nothing can equal it as an appetizing, restorative tonic to build up needed flesh and strength. It restores every organ to natural action, promotes all the bodily functions, and restores health and vigor.  
For every disease that comes from a torpid liver or impure blood, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, and the most stubborn Skin, Scall, or Scrofulous affections, the "Discovery" is the only remedy to obtain that can be guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back.  
For a perfect and permanent cure for Catarrh, take Dr. Fier's Catarrh Remedy. It restores the mucous membrane to an incurable case of Catarrh.



ENTRANCE TO IRISH VILLAGE.

**AN OWNERLESS COLLECTION.**  
The Museum at the Dead Letter Office in Washington.  
One of the most interesting places in the capital city, according to the New York Advertiser, is the museum in the dead letter office. Several Indian hatchets give to a section of the cabinet an archeological appearance, and a pair of Indian pipes of red sandstone cross each other in peaceful style. A rare curiosity is a piece of parchment on which is penned the Lord's Prayer in fifty-four languages. It is said to be a duplicate of a parchment which hangs in St. Peter's at Rome. It came to this country in the mail from Europe in 1842, and, as it was never claimed and its origin could not be traced, it was sent to the dead letter office, where it has been on exhibition ever since. One of the prettiest things in the cabinet is a lady's fan made of stork feathers, the plumes being rarer and richer than the finest ostrich plumes.  
In an envelope is a lock of dark brown hair. An inscription on the envelope, in a nervous hand, reads: "This contains my hair, Charles Guiteau." It was put into the mails by the murderer of President Garfield, without any address, just as it appears in the cabinet.  
A few years ago there came to the dead letter office a can upon which no address could be found. The can was opened, and sixteen lively looking rattlesnakes made their escape. There was a stirring scene in the dead letter office for a few minutes.

**A LONG LEASE.**

Thirty Acres in Hebron Provided For a Term of 9,999 Years.  
A lease for nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine years in this country, at least, is rather a rarity, although the term of ninety-nine, or even nine hundred and ninety-nine, is not uncommon. John Peters, the father of Rev. Samuel Peters, the Tory parson, says the Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin, gave in 1735 to "The Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," for a globe for the Church of England society in Hebron, about thirty acres of land, which afterward came into the possession of the parish of St. Peter's church in that town, as the successor of the Church of England there. On May 23, 1795, the parish leased this land to S. W. Case for and during the full term of nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine years "fully to be completed and ended, yielding and paying therefor yearly during the said term unto the said John Sutton and John T. Peters, church wardens of said society, and to our successors in said office, the annual rent of one grain of pure silver or other silver or gold equivalent (if demanded) upon the festival of St. John the Baptist in each year ensuing the date of the presents during the term above said." So says Hebron land records, vol. 1, p. 304. The present occupants would be somewhat surprised at a demand for the grain of pure silver, but the old contract still remains on the record.

**Cosmopolitan Relations.**  
Here is a state of things that New Yorkers need not be assured is actual. The speaker is a bachelor, perhaps thirty years old. He says:  
"My barber is an Italian, a Chinese does my laundry work, my tailor is a Jew; I breakfast in an American dining-room, lunch in a German saloon, and dine usually in a French restaurant; my physician is an Englishman, and my favorite preacher is a Scotch divine."  
"But where does the Irishman come in?"  
"Oh, he owns the house I live in."



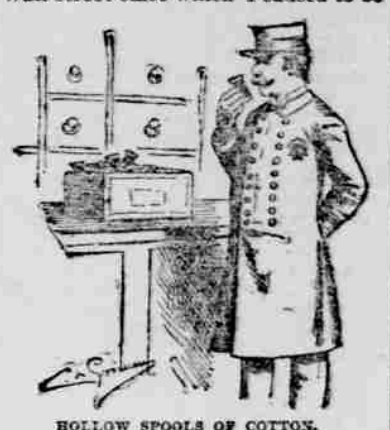
ENTRANCE TO IRISH VILLAGE.

**KNOWLEDGE**  
Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, by less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.  
Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.  
Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists and grocers in bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

**THE GENIUS OF GUILT.**  
Supt. Byrnes Writes About the Paraphernalia of Criminals.

The Swindler's Eyeglasses—The Lying Phenomena of Wall Street with a Word on Ginnet Knives—Hollow Spools of Cotton.

[Copyright, 1893.]  
If I were to tell of all the new devices, the weapons, the paraphernalia, the tools of trade used by the criminals to-day it would necessitate my taking up several pages of a newspaper, for new things are coming to headquarters pretty much every day. There are many new swindles, many new devices for gaining money by trickery, and they will continue to increase just so long as men of brains loan their intelligence to crime for value received. I have before me on my desk an instrument that two of my ablest detectives recently brought from a Wall street office which I caused to be



ENTRANCE TO IRISH VILLAGE.

raided. This is the latest game in the great mecca of the men of millions. Wall street hangers-on, the fringe of Wall street, as it were, are constantly devising new schemes to swindle the man or woman who has more money than brains. Fake mining schemes, bogus railroads and the like are resorted to to take in the golden dollar. But this latest game in Wall street is far in advance of these and is superior in one sense to the old bucket-shop methods.  
You simply speculated on the prices for mining shares that a phonograph squeaked out from a colossal brass funnel. Where the quotations came from before they got on the cylinders does not matter just now. The firm against which I received many complaints had a dozen cylinders and they were primed to supply the demand for quotations until closing time in the afternoon. They were loaded so that a dozen fluctuations were recorded in a minute. The fluctuations were recorded on a huge blackboard, and the phonograph was stationed just in front of this blackboard.  
An initial fee of twenty-five cents a transaction was demanded by the firm, and then followed the original commission of one-quarter of one per cent. The firm accepted anywhere from two dollars to two millions margins. Evidently the fellow who could overhear the firm talking quotations to the cylinders would have a lead pipe cinch on the afternoon quotations; otherwise he might find it exceedingly difficult to keep up with the procession of figures the funnel squeaked out every instant. For instance, take Maple, one of the four mining shares quoted by the phonograph. The phonograph was loaded early in the morning to start Maple at three dollars and by easy stages got it up to four dollars and then dropped it to one dollar and a quarter. The fluctuations that came out of the funnel were about as wide apart as the most bloodthirsty gambler could wish.

Speaking of gambling, for this Wall street game was nothing more than a crooked faro box, reminds me of a new fangled faro box which was recently seized in a gambling house I raided not long ago. It is what is known as a sure thing game. It was gotten up, I have learned by an expert mechanic. The man who operated it, and who was taken in the raid, gave me a technical description of this new swindling device.  
"The layout and box are just the same as any layout, so far as you can see," said he, "but when I tell you that the dealer can make these cards turn somersaults in the box if he wants to, you bet it's a daisy. Suppose you were playing the nine to lose, and the dealer



ENTRANCE TO IRISH VILLAGE.

sees by means of a small reflector that the nine will lose, he just makes that nine change places with the card under it, and instead of coming out first it comes out second and you lose. I tell you the dealer can make any card in the box win or lose, just as he pleases, and it's done in this way: The layout at the place in front of the cards is hollowed out and when the cards have been shuffled and put in the box the dealer pushes the box close up against the layout, and this pushes a spring and the pin of the layout against the box falls back and stays back just as long as the box is held up against the spring.  
"Now in the box there is a small highly polished mirror and it is so placed as to take in the card under the top card in the box and the dealer can see just what the card is. He keeps his hand on the left side of the box where he can reach a small spring which shoots a blade as thin as a sheet of paper under the second card and raises it up just the thickness of the blade. Then he uses his knee, to which are attached fine extruded, and this manipulates a spring connected with a small clamp which comes out of the opening under the layout, and catches the second card and pulls it out of the end of the box, the end opening outward and into the opening under the layout, when the thin blade goes under the card. The left hand releases the spring in the box and the undercard takes the place of the one

**Dr. Terrill Has Returned From Chicago**

Where he has been taking another course of lectures at the post graduate school.  
In this course the Doctor had the benefit of hearing lectures from some of the most renowned specialists of the world, such as Dr. Anvards of Paris, Frederic Schmitt of Vienna, Dr. Thos. Moore Madden of Dublin, Dr. Joseph Price of Philadelphia, Dr. Howard A. Kelley of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, and many other leading specialists too numerous to mention.

**Progress of Medical Science in the past few years—Diseases once considered incurable now Readily Mastered by Greatly Improved Methods.**

Medical science, in the past few years and even in the past year, has undergone an advancement in practical means of mastering the various chronic diseases, equal to the long strides of progress attained in the new science of electricity. A few years ago, there were very many of so-called organic diseases, as of the lungs, kidneys, liver, heart, stomach and nervous diseases to permanently remedy, which was regarded as something of a miracle, though today their ready and complete mastery is not considered a remarkable feat at all. The reason is because of the wonderful advancement in the scientific analysis of disease together with the wonderful improvement in the appliances used as aids in its handling and treatment.  
Dr. Terrill gets the latest improved instruments, remedies and appliances for the treatment of all chronic diseases.  
THE ABOVE IS A CUT of the instrument used by Dr. Terrill in the examination of catarrhs and all nose and throat diseases. Instruments and medicine furnished for home treatment. A written guarantee given in all curable cases.  
Dr. Terrill has purchased the latest improved TRIUMPH INHALE which has given such wonderful success in the treatment of all diseases of the respiratory organs, as asthma, bronchitis, hay fever and consumption in the earlier stages.  
DISEASES OF WOMEN—Dr. Terrill has made Diseases of Women a specialty for the past twenty years, and has taken several courses of private instruction in gynecology under some of the leading Specialists of the East.  
The Doctor has the latest improved instruments, batteries, electrical appliances, etc. for the successful treatment of all diseases peculiar to women.  
NEUROLOGICAL DISEASES—Dr. Terrill gives special attention to those suffering from Nervous Diseases, Paralysis, Nervous Prostration, Spinal Weakness, Etc., to the wonderful curative effect of Electricity when scientifically applied.  
Dr. Terrill has taken several special courses in Electricity under such famous Specialists as Dr. Franklin B. Martin of Chicago, Dr. Cleaves and A. D. Rockwell the world renowned Electrician of New York City.

**TO YOUNG AND MIDDLE AGED MEN. A SURE CURE**

The awful effects of early vice which brings organic weakness, destroying both mind and body permanently cured. We guarantee to cure you or we pay.  
We give a Written Guarantee to Cure the following Diseases:  
Diseases of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs.  
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withdrawn. When the spring is again pressed the thin knife flies out, and the card which was under the layout comes back into the box. This can be all done in three seconds, while the dealer is paying a bet or backing up his chip, or asking a player what his bet takes.  
"I've seen a good many tricks at faro, but this is the slickest one I ever saw. You can keep the cases and take the box in your hands and examine it, and you would never know it was not straight. Of course, the firm or individual making these boxes charge high for them, but what is two thousand dollars when you don't need any bank roll in the drawer and every dollar put down is sure money."

He always wears glasses when about the gambling house. On the prepared cards which the bribed attendant handed him were a series of dots and dashes so small that detection was absolutely impossible. But to the swindler these signs were like the tick of the telegraph key to the telegrapher and as easily read although not discernable by the naked eye. The glasses worn by the swindler were magnifying glasses. So it can be readily seen that the minute dots and dashes on the back of the card enabled the rogue to know exactly what cards his opponents held, and hence his success.  
But enough as to gambling.  
There have been quite a number of new weapons used by criminals brought me recently, but the most dangerous of all is the ginnet knife. It is a weapon so dangerous that its use is forbidden by law. This is the smallest fighting knife used by people on this earth and one of the most deadly.  
In length the knife is hardly longer than a long gimlet, so that it can readily be concealed inside the waistband of the trousers. The handle is not set on parallel with the blade, as in an ordinary knife, but at right angles like that of a gimlet, hence the name. The handle is grasped with the blade between the second and third fingers, the upper part of the blade being drawn down to a sharp point as to prevent cutting the fingers while the knife is so held. The blade when in position represents merely an extension

of the knife to be disarmed, the point so as the handle comes in the end, giving the fingers a better hold upon it. There has also been added to one collection of deadly weapons the regulation weapon used by all high binders.  
A plain steel bar about an inch in diameter, with a wooden handle covered with cloth so that the fingers can secure a firm grip upon it. Such is the weapon. Its like is never found in the possession of any class of criminals except the highbinders.  
In a recent raid on a "fence" I secured a lot of very innocent-looking imported spoils of thieves. The place raided was a jewelry store and the thread seemed rather out of place, especially as there were a number of spoils lying around. I made an examination of the spoils and discovered jeweled treasures in the core of each. That is the latest scheme of smuggling gems or secreting them when stolen.  
Before closing I might mention the fact that the New York municipal authorities have decided to stop supplying liquid ink eradicators to the city departments hereafter. A certain well-known eradicator was on the city's stationery list and had been supplied freely to the departments, but it was suggested that it was throwing temptation in the way of the city's employees who might use the eradicator to change their books or accounts without the risk of detection and thus cover up fraud. The mayor thought the suggestion was very timely, and hereafter only steel erasers will be allowed, for their use can really be detected at any time.

**She Was Mistaken.**  
Wife—John, haven't you found the hatchet yet? I think I had it last.  
Husband—No, you didn't. Here it is in the tool-chest.—Truth.  
No Use for Matrimony.  
Uncle Geoffrey—What's this, I hear, Bertie, about the engagement between you and Ethel being broken off? I thought that was a settled thing.  
Bertie (aged seven)—Yes, Uncle Geoffrey, I have decided to become a bachelor like you. See what a good time you have, with your horses and your club, while papa has to buy me three pairs of shoes a month and has a wife who nags him besides.—Judge.  
Will Be a Hit.  
Simmons—What are you working on now, Timmins?  
Timmins—I am writing a detective story.  
Simmons—I thought that field had been worked to death.  
Timmins—But this is a realistic story. The detective does not detect anything.—Indianapolis Journal.  
Euphemism.  
The Gentleman from Texas—Twizles is a liar!  
The Gentleman from Boston—On mature reflection you would not prefer to make the intimation that Twizles is one—ahem—who has been led to embrace the doctrine—that Twizles has in it a higher end than fact?—Chicago Tribune.

**Partial Information.**  
Little Boy—Every time I tie my shoe laces they slip. I wish you'd tie them in a pine knot for me.  
Grandpa—What sort of a knot is that?  
Little Boy—I don't know, but I've heard it's tough.—Good News.  
Molding Public Sentiment.  
Wife—John, your hair is coming out at a terrible rate.  
Husband—I know it, my dear. I must do something for it at once.  
Wife—I wish you would, John, for my sake. You know how people will talk.—Texas Sifters.

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